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ALL THINGS COME TO HIM WHO WAITS.

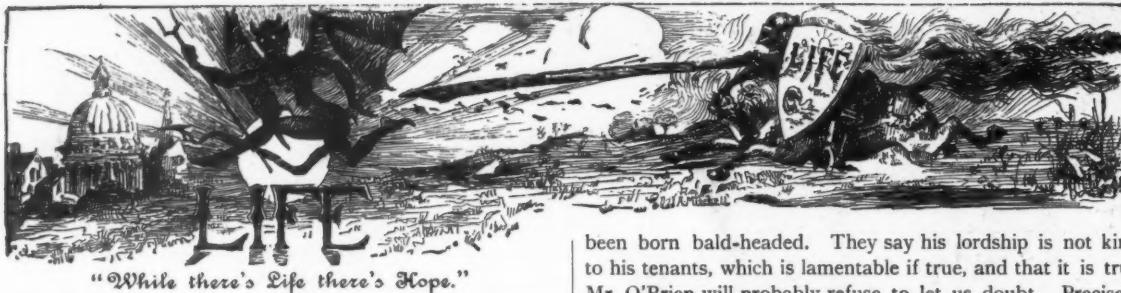
Charley: MY LUNCH TO-DAY ONLY COST ME SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

His Wife: THAT WAS CHEAP, DEAR; WHAT DID YOU HAVE?

Charley: BREAD AND MILK.

His Wife: ISN'T SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A GOOD DEAL FOR BREAD AND MILK?

Charley: OH, NO. TWENTY-FIVE CENTS FOR THE BREAD AND MILK AND FIFTY CENTS TO THE WAITER.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

THERE is a new labor organization. It began on Sunday night, ten days ago, in Boston. Its members call themselves squires of work. The only squire who has announced himself, so far as organized, is Mr. Edward Atkinson, the honored founder of the order. He proclaimed the new faith in a speech made to a big houseful of Knights of Labor. It did not please the knights much, but it has pleased a lot of other people. The first principle of the organization is, "Mind your own Business," and the next principle seems to be—though the founder did not say so in so many words—"Smash any man who tries to prevent you from earning an honest living in your own way."

There is an adult, substantial call for such an order as Mr. Atkinson suggests. His address was full of wisdom of a sort that we workingmen will find it profitable to assimilate. The newspapers have reported it more or less fully, but doubtless it will be printed in a cheap form, so that we can all get it and paste it in our notes for future reference. No one will find the information it presents more important than the Knights of Labor. Mr. Atkinson, with his figures and his common sense, can do them more good than all the walking delegates that ever called better men names.

* * *

WHILE Mr. Atkinson was talking common sense in Boston, and making himself disliked by his audience, in New York, a crowd of people in Chickering Hall were shaking that edifice with cheers for Dr. McGlynn, Henry George, and the Anti-Poverty Society, the corner-stone of which it would appear is Mr. George's blessed theory of public property in land. When the cows come home and Father McGlynn's democratic pope is observed walking down Broadway in a stovepipe hat, Mr. George's theories may relieve the necessities of the poor; but to tide us over the interval, Mr. Atkinson's ideas come in very handy.

* * *

M R. WILLIAM O'BRIEN has come over seething with Celtic eloquence to twist his fingers in the scalp-lock of Lord Lansdowne, and make that noble earl wish he had

been born bald-headed. They say his lordship is not kind to his tenants, which is lamentable if true, and that it is true Mr. O'Brien will probably refuse to let us doubt. Precisely what effect his mission will have it is hard to premise, though it is safe enough to say, no doubt, that no New York constituency will send the Canadian premier to Congress after O'Brien has finished with his character.

* * *

WHILE Mr. O'Brien has his hand in with the British peerage, he may find an inviting subject in the late Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, who is held up as a painful instance of the way a man ought not to treat his wife, by Lady Lytton's new biographer. Lord Lytton is dead, which would perhaps be a disadvantage from Mr. O'Brien's point of view, but at least he is intimately known in this country—which Lord Lansdowne is not—and a great many people will be interested to learn anything to his discredit. If the American people are thoroughly apprised of Lord Lytton's possible defects, they can stop reading his books; but however they may feel about Lord Lansdowne, they will have to bear it and be quiet. They don't owe him anything, and he has written no books.

* * *

THE pictures of the Pharaohs in the last *Century* must not be mistaken for illustrations in the "Life of Lincoln." The authors of that exhaustive biography passed the Pharaohs several numbers back, and are understood to be well along in their retrospective summary of the Middle Ages.

* * *

MONSEIGNEUR DOANE is a Roman Catholic bishop, or something, down in New Jersey. At least, he is high-priest in St. Patrick's Cathedral, at Newark, and spiritual adviser to Miss Mary Dunn. He says Miss Dunn, being a Catholic, must not sing soprano or otherwise in the Protestant churches, and New Jersey is mad and wants his scalp.

Monseigneur, you are all right. You think that the members of a Protestant church choir personally participate in the Protestant form of worship, and encourage the congregation. Therefore, you think a Protestant choir is no place for a pious Romanist who believes that Protestantism is a snare.

Sir, you flatter the Protestant churches by your opinion of their choirs. The facts are not as you suppose. The average Protestant choir merely sings. It neither performs any worship on its own account, nor abets that of the congregation, and it is probable that Miss Dunn might sing in the Reformed Church indefinitely long and never think a bit the less of the Pope.

But the facts ought to be as you think they are, and perhaps your action may be an incentive to Protestant choirs to live up to your opinion of them, and so good may result.



Yours Sincerely.

HER little note is folded neat
(Rough linen is a dainty sheet).
And ere she signed her name, she wrote

Sincerely Yours

I know that you will tritely say
She signs her letters every day,
To friends and aunts (my rivals too),

Sincerely Yours

I know you'll say the phrase is old,
Not loving—no, but rather cold;
And yet I think she really meant

Sincerely Yours

And it has given courage to me
To ask if she'll consent to be,
During our brief terrestrial trip,

Sincerely Yours



NEW DEFINITIONS.

BENEVOLENCE: Complaisance on a full stomach; a generous bestowal upon the indigent poor of the lees and overflow of the cup of happiness.

LEISURE: Spare time, which men of idle habits, in search of mental relaxation, employ in boring others.

TEMPERANCE: A moderate indulgence of the appetite, *i.e.*, total abstinence; a measure of reform which aims to abate a popular evil by reducing the license, or removing the tax. (Synonymous with FUNKISM and PROHIBITION.)

EGOTISM: A laudable self-appreciation; deference the mind pays itself in its inner court; a just and inward recognition of its peculiar talents and gifts.

PROMISE: A verbal agreement to discharge a pecuniary or social debt, or confer an impossible benefit, in the infinite future, thereby exciting hope or anticipation; hence, a perpetual release from obligation and performance.

TREATING: A social custom which authorizes a man who desires a modicum of liquid relief, to pay two dollars for a julep, get his legs into difficulty, and set a spinning-wheel whirling in his head.

BEAUTY: A chimera; a personal quality or charm, resulting from the use of toilet soap.

HAPPINESS: The consciousness of exciting envy in the minds of others.

RECREATION: An exhausting form of labor, and exemption from rest; an attempt at physical improvement, or relief from mental vacuity, ending in melancholia, or bankruptcy.

CHURCH: A fashionable club-house for the display of millinery and vocal pyrotechnics, and encouraging hero-worship. (*Note:* In colonial times churches were set apart exclusively for religious worship.)

INSANITY: A condition of self-abandonment preceding an act of crime; a partial eclipse of the mind caused by the contents of a black bottle, and subsequently construed into an elaborate argument for purposes of legal defense.

LEGISLATION: In parliamentary tactics, a process of futile quibbling conducted in the interest of a lobby at the expense of the state, chiefly valuable for its official emoluments and the forensic exercise it affords. *Harold van Santvoord.*

OUR esteemed contemporary, the "By the Way" man of the Philadelphia *News*, recently devoted a column to the question, "What is News?"

This is like the English lord mentioned in a recent novel, and referred to in these columns, who asked, "What is a biddle?"

They have no biddles in England, and from what we gather from exhaustive research in Philadelphia papers, news is yet an unknown quantity in the Quaker City.

No wonder our E. C. is puzzled.



THE SIGNS OF THE TIME.

THE baseball now is whizzing and a-swinging is the bat ;
The maiden bloometh forth in a forty dollar hat ;
The Dude doth walk abroad with his legs done up in bagging ;
And the dog doth ba-k in sunlight with his little tail a-wagging.
Spring-lamb is on the market, and some grass is on the sod ;
Green peas wax somewhat cheaper—"bout \$1.10 per pod ;
The silence of the city is broken by the sweet,
Melodious sound of "Strr-r-roar-brys" from hucksters on the
street ;
And from the mansions of the proud a rich, resounding thwack
Tells tales of carpet-beating in the little yard a-back.
Oh, yea !
'Tis May !

* * *

IS not the *Times* rather severe on David Deadly Field
when it says that the Civil Code Bill is not a lawyer's
bill ?

We should feel deeply pained if Cyrus does not take up
the cudgels in his brother's behalf.

* * *

HENRY GEORGE is the first man we ever met that
doesn't want the Earth. He only
wants what is on it.

* * *

THE Madagascans are becoming rapidly
civilized. There are 400,000 of them
who profess the Christian religion.

The number of those who profess to be
Christians in New York isn't more than
twice this.

* * *

PROHIBITIONISTS are investing all
their money in Western Union.

There is almost enough water in that cor-
poration to suit them.

* * *

NO, Charles, the German Street Band
may not be said to be a species of
gutta-percha.

* * *

A CONTEMPORARY advertises: Wants
in the *Star* are free.

We thought wants were free everywhere.
It is gratification that costs money.

* * *

POET: Your villanelle is quite villainous
but unavailable.

* * *

M R. HOWELLS is a fair poet, but he
must grow some before he can wear
Longfellow's old clothes.

SENATOR PAYNE is known as "The Sardine Senator,"
he is so deep in oil.

* * *

WHEN Munkacsy's "Death of Mozart," Rosa Bonheur's
"Horse Fair," and Meissonier's "1807" have passed
through the restorative process at the Di Cesnola Museum,
we shall expect to see a great composite masterpiece known
as "No. 1807, Death of Mozart at the Horse Fair," by
Bonkacsonnier.

* * *

TWO peaceably disposed citizens suffering from influ-
enza, recently met and actually came to blows over a
discussion of the weather.

* * *

NOTES AND QUERIES.

WE always know when Spring has come to stay. Not
only is our mail crowded with love poems aspiring to
meet the public gaze, but there are thousands of vouchers
attesting that the spirit of inquiry breaks forth at the same
moment that the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts
of love.

Among the queries of the week we find
the following :

1. To what branch of the cattle kingdom does the Parad-ox belong ?
2. If a woman becomes a widow by losing one husband, how many does she have to lose to become a widower ?
3. Should a runner wear rubber shoes because he's eraser ?
4. If, as LIFE recently remarked, Nature is indulging in athletics by having a backward Spring, will she continue them when Summer-sets in ?
5. Is the signature to a cheque a *signe qua non* ?
6. Are sugary remarks made from *verb. sap* ?
7. When a lady and gentleman are walking
should the lady walk inside the gentleman or
vice versa ?
8. In view of the editorial we employed on the
New York World, is it proper to say "Mr. Pulitzer
is a crank," or "Mr. Pulitzer *are* a crank?"
9. Is Browning or Camera Obscura ?
10. Do Bostonians take Buddha on their Brown
Bread ?



There are no prizes offered, but the editors
of LIFE will gladly receive and acknowledge
answers to the above questions, inasmuch as
the learned gentleman who has charge of
our Bureau of Information lost his mind
before he could reply to these seekers after
truth.

TO "J. S. OF DALE."

ON READING "IN A GARRET."

O POET, with a soul so gentle,
Laughter mingling with your tears,
Your singing bringeth back the springtime,
And hopes that faded with the years !

And so we pause amid our striving,
List'ning to your tender strain
That teaches us to bide in patience—
Youth and love shall come again !

RELIGIOUS TO THE LAST.

"BACK from Cannes, eh?" said Mr. Neversmile to Mrs. Spriggins as he seated himself beside her.
"Oh yes, indeed; I couldn't stand the gyrations of the ground."

"You were in the earthquake, then?"

"Indeed I was. And do you know I was so frightened that I got right down on my knees and said my Cataclysm as fast as I could. Religion is a great refuge, Mr. Neversmile."



WHY?

"WELL, CLAHANCE, WHAT AH YOU GWAN TO BE WHEN YOU AH GWOWN ?"

"WHY, I'M GOING TO BE A MAN—WHY DIDN'T YOU ?"



UNCROWNED MARTYRDOM.

"OH, MARY DEAR, WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YOU SICK ?"

"NO, ONLY BREAKING IN A PAIR OF SLIPPERS."

LYRA HIBERNICA.

M E darlin', I sind ye dhis letter,
To loosen the luve in me heart,
An' break the belligerent fetther
What kapes us so woidely apart:
Me pin puts the wruds on the papher,
So fasht I can't kape it in ink,
And Cupid, the lad's cut a caher—
Now — pwhat do ye think?

He's blishtered me sore wid his arrow,—
I'm shlowly exphirin' away!
He hoides in me hod an' me barrow,
An' faix he is cum there to shtay.
O think, Biddy dear, in phwat danger
Me loife ivry day has to run,
To foight wid this therrible shtranger
Phwat carries a gun!

Now ye are the wan, me dear Biddy,
To set all this throuble aroight.
He'll not foight wid you,—if he did he
Wad call ye swate names in the foight.
So, swate darlin', Biddy McGuinnis,
Soy yis, an' it's married we'll be;
An' that's a most beauthiful Finis
For Cupid an' me.

Patrick O'Hoolihan.

THE fog which hangs over London is estimated to weigh about fifty tons of solid carbon, and two hundred and fifty tons in gaseous form. And yet the English talk of the high-pressure under which we Americans live.



Gentleman: BUT I AM AFRAID HE WOULDN'T MAKE A GOOD WATCH DOG.

Man with Purp: NOT A GOOD WATCH DOG! WHY, LOR BLESS YOUR 'ART, IT WAS ONLY LAST WEEK THAT THIS 'ERE WERY ANIMAL HELD A BURGLAR DOWN BY THE THROAT AND BEAT HIS BRAINS OUT WITH ITS TAIL.

FROM ADVANCE SHEETS.

THE following is a specimen chapter from the new story, now in the press, entitled "The Bostonese," by Howell Dean Williams and James Henry, Sr. It is understood that Mr. Williams furnished the pens and paper, and Mr. Henry, Sr., the ink.

CHAPTER VIII.

Carlton came out upon the steps of his boarding-house, a grave doubt filling his soul. Ought he to go and see Esther? Chance decided for him. The driver of a passing street-car mistook his fixed gaze and stopped. He got on, placing the left foot forward as he did so.

There were no other passengers, yet he took his place with an uneasy hesitancy that was not natural.

He even glanced up at the conductor in a half-shamefaced way when he came to collect his nickel, and put his hand into his pocket with such a careful, lingering manner, that the fare-taker briefly wondered if the trifling sum were possibly a drain upon this prosperous looking man's resources.

Carlton felt but did not rightly interpret this momentary scrutiny—he did not, in fact, get so far as an attempt at interpretation; but resenting that he should have been forced to recognize the existence of the conductor, he tendered his money with some asperity, and easing himself a little on his left hip rested his elbow against the window and looked out.

At the next corner he left the car. The walk to Esther's door was barely a block, yet it took him five minutes to accomplish it, and he ascended the stoop slowly, as if at each step he resisted some backward impulse.

It was almost with a groan that he laid his hand upon the bell, but it rang out the next instant with a quick decisive clang, that startled the near-sighted parlor maid, who was at the moment making a close estimate of how much of the dinner claret she could safely imbibe, almost out of her cap.

To add to her confusion her mistress suddenly opened the door. "Sarah," she began quickly, then paused—ought she to betray even to herself that she expected Carlton, and to caution her servant was equivalent to this. With an effort she recovered her serenity of manner, and continued with a coldness that made Sarah think the claret racket was onto—"show any callers to the shrimp pink drawing-room." Then she closed the door.

Sarah walked through the hall, her suspicions a little lulled, but her cap decidedly rakish, which fact, Carlton, in his preoccupation, scarcely remarked, or if he noticed it, it failed to produce any lasting effect upon his mind.

There was an instant's delay with the burglar latch at the door, but only an instant, and before Carlton had time to pull himself together again, he was confronting Sarah, and asking sibilantly:

"Is Miss Esther at home?"

The girl replied in the affirmative, and ushered the new-comer, per order, into the shrimp pink drawing-room. This was a small, cosy apartment in the north-east corner of the house, which stood in the south-west corner of the spacious grounds, and received its appellation presumably because it was furnished in lobster-red plush, with elephant's-breath hangings.

Carlton did not put down his hat. He held his cane also. They were both new, and he thought, with a passing twinge that was evolved from a different cause, that the occasion to be relieved of them when Esther should come would afford a favorable and apparently unsought-for opportunity for their display.

He also stood. He had time to hold and stand nearly ten minutes before the *frou-frou* of Esther's skirts was heard upon the stairs.

This was due to several reasons. First, she had been hanging over the balusters at the upper landing when Sarah opened the door, and she allowed time to elapse to convince herself that she had been unavoidably detained there by the catching of her dress on the rod-button of the top stair.

It was in these little ways that Esther betrayed her feline nature. She played with herself as a cat plays with a mouse, and like the cat, too, she never for a moment entertained the idea of letting herself escape.

Another reason, or pair of reasons, combined to further her present delay. The bang over her left temple needed recurling and the iron did not readily heat, and her tailor-made dress was not tied back tight enough; her movement was too free and untrammeled. But at last both of these defects were remedied, and now there was nothing to do but to go downstairs.

She went.

Carlton was very glad.

He was still standing. To tell the truth, he had worn the bloom off several expectant attitudes, and now that she was come, she caught him leaning forward over a small table as if he were about to address a meeting.

With rare tact she ignored this, and gliding forward with as much ease as the tapes on her underskirt would allow, she put out both hands in the pretty foreign fashion that a summer in New Jersey had imparted.

"How do you do?" she said, simply.

To Carlton, in his present mood, this question seemed complex, and it was with a sort of fine discouragement that he replied:

"Ah, thanks; fairly."

There was a pause. Carlton felt that the crisis was rapidly approaching. How should he meet her next question? There was one way to postpone it, and he seized it. He would interrogate himself.

"You expected me?" he said, catechizingly.

"Oh, no," she replied, lying quickly and sweetly.

Carlton was still on the ragged edge. He waited.

So did she.

Meantime the gas in the chandeliers burned brightly on at the rate of \$1.85 per thousand, and through the closed double-windows came ever and anon the hoarse cry of a newsboy yelling "Extry!" "Extry!" over a bundle of first-edition afternoon papers that he had got stuck on. To this day the smell of gas makes Carlton choke, and he never hears that cry of "Extry" without feeling a disposition to kick the crier.

But in the shrimp-pink parlor that night he did neither. He only waited. Esther was the first to return to her muttons, as it were.

In soft confusion over her delayed hospitality, she now murmured:

"Will you not sit down?"

Carlton glanced at her. She was not looking his way, for she had crossed from behind the table to a low fauteuil that encumbered the drawing-room nearer the fireplace. When she reached it she paused a moment, kicked her skirts eastward, and then bending a little forward from the waist up, she sank gently upon the upholstered plush.

Then she turned and looked at Carlton. He did not know that with all her care she had broken a strap, and she knew that he did not know.

The silence deepened and grew.

It must have been fully ten feet long and almost as thick before Carlton's decision was taken. Then he acted promptly. He put his hat and cane upon the table, turned away from them, and bracing himself for the effort, took the two or three short steps necessary to cover the distance to the fireplace, and then, having previously noticed that an arm-chair covered a small hole in the rug to the left of the grate, he rapidly, but with a degree of stiffness readily apparent, seated himself therein, exhaling as he did so a deep breath of relief.

Esther caught herself wondering if it were the first or third strap that had given way.

But Carlton was not satisfied. At the moment of actual contact with the chair he had heard a sudden thud in the region of his waistband, and now, as he sank deeper into its London smoke cushions, it dawned painfully upon him that his suspender button had come off.

Philip H. Welch.

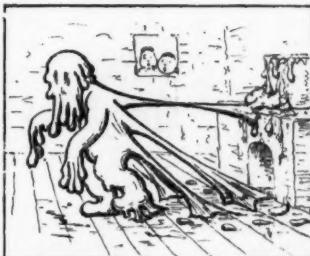
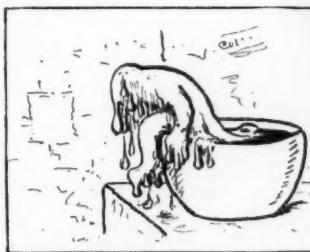
UNDEF GRADUATE ARROGANCE.

TO what unreasonable lengths college students will go when given a free foot, has just been shown by the action of the Senior class at Columbia College.

A memorial fireplace costing \$500 was designed and tendered to the Board of Trustees; and simply because that august body declined to receive it, but expressed a willingness to accept a \$2,500 memorial, the students declined to give anything.

Students are getting to be entirely too high-handed, and if it were left to LIFE to settle, no member of the present Senior class at Columbia should be given a degree until he had left a \$5,000 memorial behind him. This trifling with a venerable body, such as is the Board of Trustees of Columbia, should be nipped in the bud, if the College has to increase the tuition fee to defray the cost of nipping.

A CANDY STORY.



• L E •



HEAVEN OR HELL

POSSIBLE EFFECT OF THE NEW FREIGHT RATES UPON CERTAIN DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS



Those who dispense with scenery and costumes,
of course, are not affected.

VE ORBID!

CER DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS WHO ARE WONT TO VISIT US.



THE baseball season has opened, and along with the twittering of the birds, the budding of the trees, and the clattering of the truck, comes the news that the "Mets were beaten yesterday 17 to 5."

It is an infallible sign of spring when the Mets are beaten 17 to 5, and we invariably put on our thinner clothing when we read that refreshing, though perennial news in the papers.

We note with some sorrow that the resignations of the St. Louis and Kansas City clubs have been accepted. It has always been pleasant to feel that there were one or two clubs in the League fitted by nature and by art for the last place in the contest, and now, the withdrawal of these members has left the League without any real solid club which can be relied upon to trot along quietly but firmly in the rear. If we thought agitation would help the matter any, we would agitate the Mets for both the vacancies, but with so many bosses at the head of that club, it would require three or four times as much agitation as we are capable of at this season of the year, so that we prefer to leave matters as they are.

Mike Kelly, the serf for whom Boston has recently paid \$10,000, is a great card for the Hub, but to look at him he doesn't seem widely different to any ordinary \$4.25 mortal. He has two eyes and a nose like most other men, and those who know him intimately assert that he is liberally endowed with mouth. He cannot plough up any more ball-field when sliding to a base than anyone else, and as far as batting is concerned, he can't bat any farther than a howitzer, so that it looks as if Boston had overreached herself in the speculation.

* * *

IN the Intercollegiate League, Harvard and Yale start out in the lead. The recently admitted Columbia nine scored a large-sized goose egg in the opening contest with Harvard, but as an undergraduate of the former institution sagely remarked, "that's nothing." The New York boys would certainly have won had they been willing to violate the canons of hospitality and thrash their visitors on the home grounds. The same may be said of the Yale-Princeton game, at Princeton, and we congratulate the Columbia and Princeton nines upon their courteous forbearance in not reversing the scores. Our only fear is that the rough, ill-mannered boys who are undergoing a course of athletics at Yale and Harvard have not been so well brought up as our New Jersey and New York youths, and that they may not see the necessity of returning the courtesy of their fellow-members in the League.

It may be well to add here

that	Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Columbia,	is confident of winning.
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LIFE hails with delight the prospect of a boat-race between the real and the "brummagem" Cambridge, and trusts that no hitch in the arrangements may arise.

We expect to hear at any moment that the English oarsmen demand unrestricted steam-power for their own boat, and that four coxswains and a ton of lead in the Harvard boat shall be a *sine qua non*. Should this prove to be the case LIFE trusts the Harvard boys will accept, and we offer the suggestion that should the English crew transpire to be the better of the two, it were an easy matter to saw the foreigners boat in two the night before the race, and then accuse them of Courtneyism. With a good saw, a strong heart, and a newspaper, there is no reason why these Britons should beat us, and we need not do anything that will place us without the English definition of sportsmen.

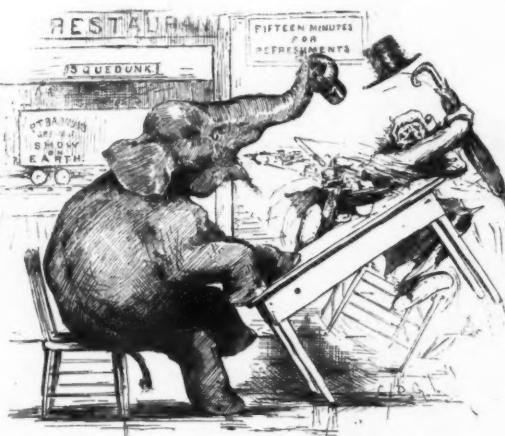
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THE Madison Square Garden last week was a perfect bow-wowser of canine beauty. "Prett-y little Dugs from England," "Sweet little Doggs from Boston," "Nice little Dorgs from Chicago," and "Perfect little Doygs from New York," barked and yelped in unison for four days, until a judge said that some of them were nicer animals than others, although others were very highly commended because of their ancestry and family connections in society. Then they were lead back to their respective homes to furnish patients for Dr. Pasteur, who, we have no doubt, is very much obliged to them.

The exhibition was much too dignified for the ordinary mortal, and the absence of the plain yellow dog, with his infinite variety of cussedness, did much to detract from the success of the Eleventh Annual Bench Show.

A LONDON MAN had to pay £5 for kissing a Governess.

Over here he can kiss a Governor for a paltry vote



THE TRIUMPH OF THE PACHYDERM.

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING THICK-SKINNED.



CHOLLY IN PARIS.

La Comtesse : VOUS AVEZ ÉTÉ EN ENGLETERRE?

Cholly : OUI, JE FUS UN ÂNE À LONDRES.

A FAIR EVOLUTIONIST.

SH'E'S quite well-versed, I understand,
In philosophic learning;
Her heart's consumed—so I've been told.
With psycho-psychic yearning.
In Kant and Locke she daily finds
Enjoyment, calm, pacific,
And on the Evolution scheme,
Her views are quite specific,
For in the seas Darwinian
She takes her deepest plunges,
And apropos of "men" avers
That we're evolved from sponges!

Frederick Evans, Jr.

THE BELATED CAT.

A FABLE OF THE FUTURE.

ONCE upon a time there was a Young Man who possessed an Iron Will and was determined to succeed in whatever he undertook. He was only a poor Railroad Clerk, but he had so favorably impressed his employers that he was allowed the princely salary of ten dollars a week, on which

he was able to afford the magnificence of a whole hall-room to himself in a boarding-house.

Returning home weary one night he was intensely annoyed by the yowling of the House-Cat, which had been carelessly locked out. Sleep was impossible.

Approaching the window cautiously the young man raised it, and hurled an old boot at the cat; but that creature only responded by a fiendish howl of derision.

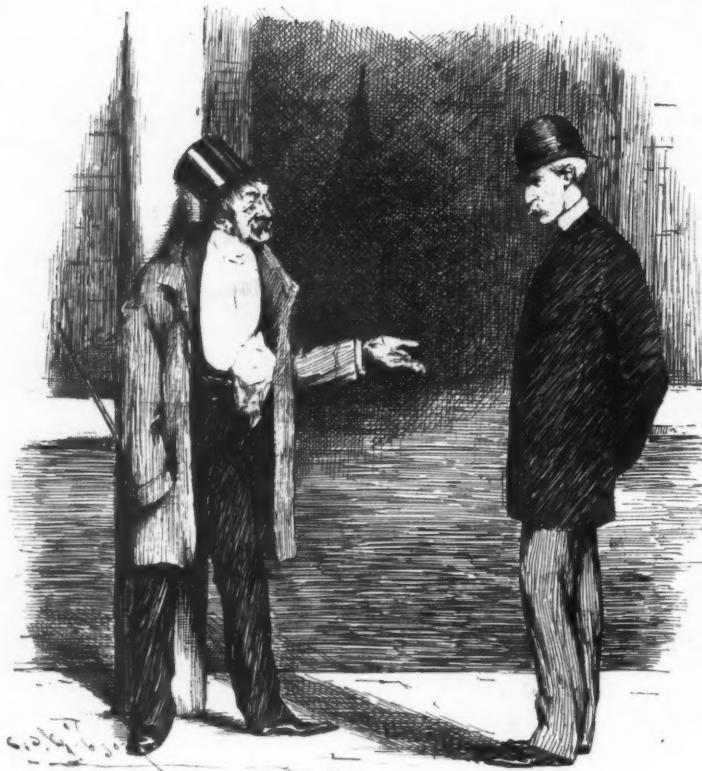
She knew not the danger of provoking a man with an iron will and a purpose in life.

In an instant a can of dynamite circled through the air, and when the momentary earthquake subsided, the entire neighborhood consisted of a hole in the ground.

A careful search in several townships fail to reveal any remains of the young man, so we presume he is at last sound asleep.

MORAL: With proper determination and tenacity, almost anything reasonable can be achieved.

NO, John Henry, this disease of jumping from the Brooklyn Bridge is not a species of lunacy, it is a well-developed form of Dropsy.



Smith: HERE YOU ARE, BEASTLY DRUNK AGAIN! DON'T YOU FEEL ASHAMED OF YOURSELF AFTER SWEARING OFF SO RECENTLY?

Jones: MY DEAR BO-HIC-OY, I DON' WAN' TER BE A SLAVE TO THAT SWEARING OFF HABIT.

MARINE ARISTOCRACY.

O H ! thou, whose proud bosom is swelled with emotion,
When using the "arms" which your grandsires possessed,
Go ! look at the children of old Father Ocean,
And you'll see every "swell" there, is "sporting a crest."

G. E. T.

AN APPROPRIATE SELECTION.

"I SEE that old Dr. Fettlox has been appointed visiting physician to the Old Soldiers' Home. How on earth did they come to choose him?"

"Why, don't you know he's the most renowned veteran-ary surgeon in the country?"

"Indeed. You surprise me. I thought he was a horse doctor."

THAT man should be go per cent. water seems incredible until we meet those who never like to pay for their own beverages.
It is never a surprise that a sponge should hold so much.

AT AN AFTERNOON TEA.

MRS. SMITH: Good afternoon, Mr. Robinson; excuse my left hand.
MR. R. (who is deaf and thinks she is alluding to the bad weather): Yes, it is rather dirty!

SCRAPS.

B ELLA JONES, a young lady of Del.,
Of the fashions was not very wel..
So a handkerchief red
She wrapped round her head,
And this rig to the ball did Miss Bel.

* * *

D R. McGLYNN and Henry George
are lecturing against poverty.
Talk is a poor weapon.

* * *

I T'S darkest just before Dey. This
accounts for the proximity of the Arabs
to the Negroes.

* * *

A FALSETTO voice does not necessarily imply a falsetto teeth.

* * *

T HE Canadian papers refer to Americans as thieves, and we don't wonder. Most of the Americans in Canada are more or less that way.

* * *

H ETTY HOSKINS, of Hartford, Ct.,
Was amazingly proud of her pt.,
Which pride to express,
She held up her dress,
And thus a fine figure did Ht.

* * *

A WINNER on Wall Street is apt to feel bully; but if he loses, he wears a bare-ish aspect.



"No, MARY ANN GILLIGAN, YOU CAN'T COME UNDER MY UMBRELLER; IF I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR TO WALK WITH WHEN I AIN'T GOT NO UMBRELLER, THEN I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO RECKERNIZE WHEN I'M WALKIN' WITH ONE!"



A BOSTON GIRL'S AMBITION.

BOSTON FATHER (*to newly graduated daughter*): I am glad that your mind has taken such a turn toward art, for you know that more is expected of you than if you lived in Chicago.

DAUGHTER: Yes, father.

FATHER: And I hope that you will distinguish yourself in more than one way.

DAUGHTER: Yes, father.

FATHER: I particularly desire that you become noted as an essayist.

DAUGHTER: Yes, father.

FATHER: I have spared neither pains nor expense in your education thus far, but notwithstanding this immense outlay of time and money, if you can think of anything which you believe will add to your equipment for the career which you are about to begin—if you can suggest some other way of refining your taste, please do so. Do you know of anything else?

DAUGHTER: Yes, father.

FATHER: What is it? Speak out; never mind the expense.

DAUGHTER: Well, father, I'd like to go this afternoon and see Professor Sullivan thump that yap from the country.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

A LADY who advertised for a girl "to do light housework," received a letter from an applicant who said her health demanded sea air and asked where the lighthouse was situated.—*N. Y. Herald*.

TO BE SETTLED LATER.

"Doctor," said the sick man, "the other physicians who have been in consultation over my case seem to differ with you in the diagnosis."

"I know they do," replied the doctor, who has great confidence in himself, "but the autopsy will show who was right."—*N. Y. Sun*.

OMAHA LADY: Van Dusen is the name of the gentleman your daughter is to marry, I understand, Mrs. Vanderhoffener.

MRS. VANDERHOFFENER (*New York lady*): Yes, and it is such a relief to know that she has made a suitable match. Mr. Van Dusen, like the Vanderhoffeners, comes of the genuine old Knickerbocker stock, and I should be distressed to have a child marry outside of it.

OMAHA LADY: I well know that the original Dutch settlers of Manhattan Island were remarkably good people.

MRS. VANDERHOFFENER: Yes, indeed. I wish you could see Mr. Van Dusen. Everything about him is so delightfully English.—*Omaha World*.

A TRIFLE UNREASONABLE.

"Why didn't you stop?" said the fat passenger as he clambered onto the car.

"Ye didn't signal," replied the driver.

"I stood on the corner."

"Well, I'm no mind reader," said the driver, lashing his horses.—*N. Y. Sun*.

A SMALL boy in Boston, who had unfortunately learned to swear, was rebuked by his father. "Who told you that I swore?" asked the bad little boy. "Oh, a little bird told me," said the father. The boy stood and looked out of the window, scowling at some sparrows which were scolding and chattering. Then he had a happy thought. "I know who told you," he said. "It was one of those — sparrows."—*Sunspot*.



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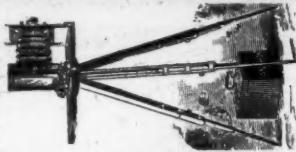
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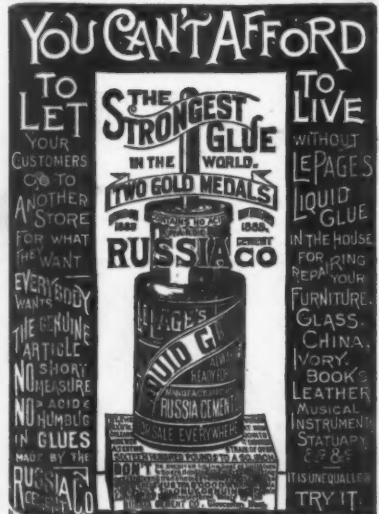
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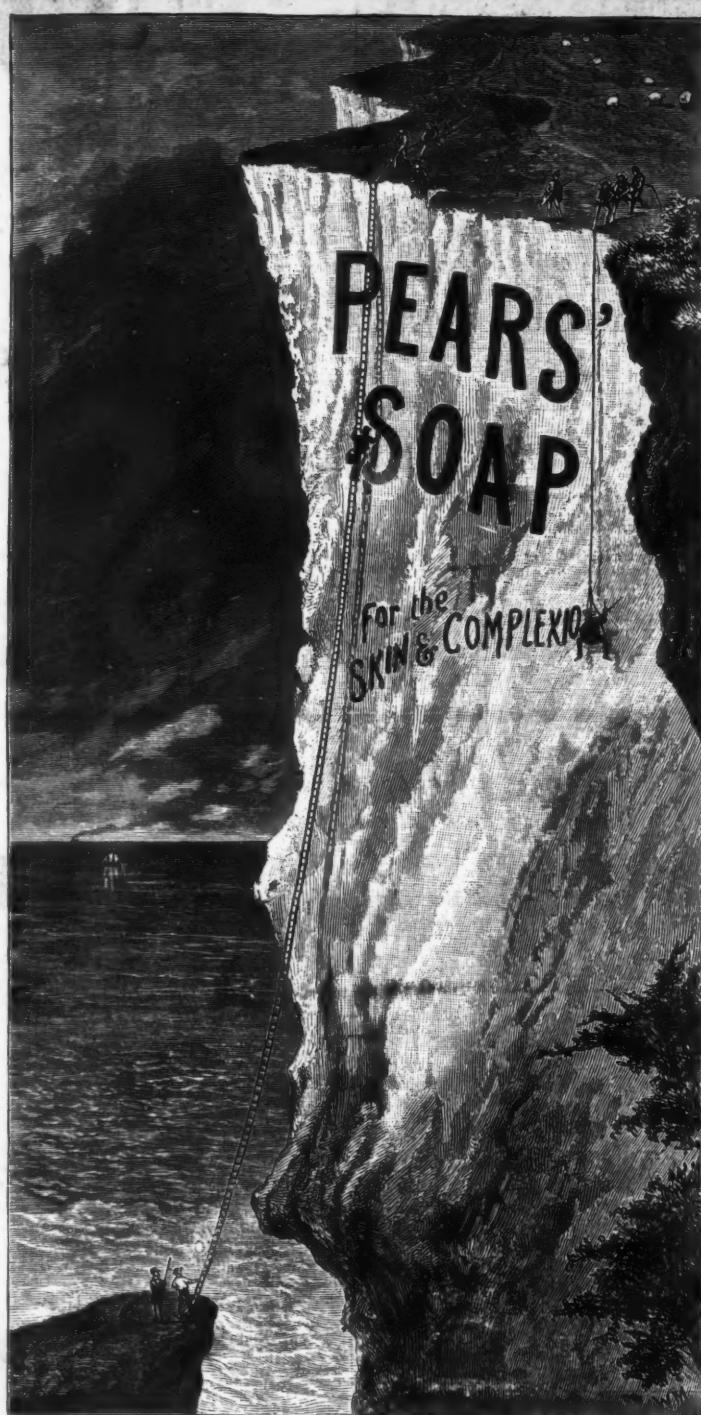
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